

writer's block and other blessings

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29260167) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29260167>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham's Dogs , Jack Crawford , Beverly Katz , Brian Zeller , Jimmy Price , Alana Bloom , Freddie Lounds
Additional Tags:	Writer Will Graham , Friends to Lovers , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Love Poems , Smitten Hannibal Lecter , Jealous Hannibal Lecter , Writer's Block , Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham , Bookworm Will Graham , Will Graham Needs a Hug , Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper , Stimming , neurodivergent character , Mild Gore , Other Additional Tags to Be Added
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-07 Updated: 2021-03-21 Words: 3,607 Chapters: 3/?

writer's block and other blessings

by [OhDearieRozzie](#)

Summary

The mind of Will Graham was a well-known anomaly - an appreciated one at that. One doesn't spend their days catching the nation's most vile without making a name for themselves, don't they? Of course, this also means that the resulting chaos swirling about Will's brain is a perfect storm ready to explode at any given moment - at least, until he put pen to paper and let it all out.

Luckily, his job provided ample motivation to write to his heart's content. Unluckily, serial killers in the northeast appear to be on hiatus for the season.

That is, until our friendly neighborhood cannibal decided to lend a helping hand to unblock the flow of Will's creations.

This is a story in which Will is a writer and Hannibal wants a love story of his own.

on hiatus for a little bit, be back soon!

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

trashcan fire between the ears

Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap.

Whether this sound came from the tip of Will's pencil or the anxious rise-and-fall of his heel against the floor is anyone's guess. Of course, this sound went unregistered, just as it did the night before, and the night before that, and the nights of two weeks past. Well, early mornings technically. Sleep doesn't come easy to a man like Will Graham; if the noisy ramblings of assorted sadists and murderers yapping about in his head didn't keep the ol' sandman away, the pressures of a blank page certainly did. Not the page itself, rather, the words that he couldn't seem to form on it - the things he wished to expel from his mind, but they remained caught on the tip of his damn pencil.

Will straightens his back, cracks a few knuckles. Drains his long-cold cup of tea. The clock ticks by in tandem with the non-stop *tap-tap-taps*, striking 2:03 on the dot. He sharpens his already too-pointy pencil, as if he could coax out a few letters with each wood shaving.

"Alright, fuck this," Will mumbles to himself, standing from his desk chair and shuffling over to his (practically bursting) bookshelf. After a moment of perusing his collection, he plucked a well-loved copy of *The Hobbit* from its place, and strolled over to a free space on the floor near the space heater. If he knew one preventative measure he could take against the blood stores of his unconscious mind, it was a healthy dose of Tolkein and the company of his family of furry strays.

"In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit..."

Will liked to consider the little farmhouse as his own "hole in the ground," with all its comforts of home - workbench, a warm heater, decent food, and a true treasure trove of books and journals stacked on every available surface. Hell, he even managed a small garden off to the side of the house. Only, he finds it unlikely that he'll be ambushed by a wizard and a party of dwarves. Instead, Jack Crawford will find his way in, armed with a new foe to drain his aspirin supply by proxy. Unfortunately, reality has seldom proven itself to live up to the standards of stories.

In fact, this very concept has been the topic of many (frankly whiny) essays and journal entries on Will's part. The emotions woven into stories are depicted so vividly, so *truly*, that anything occurring outside of the written word feels pale and muted, or even nonexistent. To Will, interactions with others and the experiences of life go by too quickly to interpret everything - to feel them in their entirety. By writing, he can slow down, and at least hope to feel even a fraction of what life should be. Sometimes, slipping into the mind of a killer - feeling through them - can push out the words stuck in his head, ironically speeding up the slow-down process. An unexpected (and never discussed) "benefit" of the job.

But that's just it, isn't it? Will writes about the emotions of others that he interprets, but never gets to live them out in his own body. A vicarious life in the most morbid of senses.

Sometimes, Will just wants to experience something authentic and all-consuming for himself - he desires it with an intensity that almost splits his chest into pieces.

Yet here Will is, surrounded by fragments of dreams and semi-poems, and barely formed sentences laid out in bullet points in myriad journals, trying to write a silly little story in a rare dry spell of serial killers. All these ideas, just waiting to be flushed out with the scrape of lead and glide of ink. If someone doesn't start stabbing soon, he may never be able to release the words from his mind.

a proposition

Chapter Notes

Hey I'm back! The first chapter was a bit short, and I'm feeling emboldened by the kudos and comment I received, so this one's much longer! Thank you to everyone that's left feedback, every bit made my days better!

Also, little trigger warning for descriptions of auditory sensory overload in the first half of this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There hasn't been a single case for Will to consult on in one month, one week, and three days. Not that Will is exactly complaining, of course - people aren't dying horribly at the whims of sadists, that's the exact opposite of a bad thing. The nightmares still persist, but there's nothing new on that front. In fact, Will's head feels remarkably empty of voices, and he'd almost consider it relaxing.

Almost.

This is how we arrive in Will's Quantico classroom at two in the afternoon, where the lesson is being conducted as planned, not an interruption in sight. Just like the last million lessons, it seemed. *Wonderful*.

The lecture on suck bruises, claw marks, or what have you (Will's been giving the same lecture all day completely on autopilot), has been drawing on for what feels like ages. Will knows he's being ridiculous, but the lack of drive or inspiration to write has been eating away at the back of his eyes. He doesn't think he can take too much more of the stress - he's just about fried his eardrums with the ever-present *taptaptap*-ing of his heels or fingertips, the backs of his arms are all scratched up, and Beverley pokes at the frantic scrunching and unscrunching of his face every five fucking minutes. Give a guy a damn break every once in a while, huh?

Will should have known things would build up high enough to crumble eventually. It all started when he's handed out photos of the bruises/claw marks/whatever to his students for more detailed analyses. Once back at his desk, a few students in the back rows shuffled their papers. The soft sound seemed to burrow deeper into his eardrums than it typically did. '*Oh shit, here we go,*' was all he was able to think before hunkering down and bracing himself for more. He thanked all that was holy that the overload had the common decency to at least start up during a mostly quiet time.

Unfortunately, that's when Will noticed the clock. '*Was the ticking ever that loud before?*' Each strike of the hands seemed to turn into a needle stabbing through the flesh of his ear.

'Dammit, which motherfucker's chewing bubblegum?' He swears there was a no-gum policy in the educational wing of the building. God, the *squelching* - it practically choked him. His foot began bouncing of its own volition, out of sheer habit, but each tap stung like a fucking bee in his head.

Will slowly - *so slowly*, don't wanna add to the noise- placed his head in his hands, one finger plugging each ear, and propped his elbows on the desk. He could hear the blood rushing behind his skin, but that was more bearable than the classroom he was stuck in. Escape was unlikely, as the hallways were almost always bustling with activity, but he could at least have this small reprieve. Sensory overload coming so quickly typically meant that it would fade in under an hour, but it was still a bitch to deal with when the hammering of his heart wouldn't ease up for just a second.

Will's students, familiar enough with this occurrence, weren't too frazzled by the sudden presence of his audio sensitivity. Though most were focused exclusively on the task at hand, a few were catching on to his predicament. When whispers started breaking out amongst a chatty few, the observers took it upon themselves to quiet them down. When the clock struck 2:30, the papers were piled gently onto Will's desk, right above his head. Books and notebooks were gathered, steps towards the door were light, and there were no words exchanged. As this was his last class of the day, no one made a move to let him know the period had ended.

Will had calmed down about half-an-hour later, when the beating of his own heart no longer made him want to jump off the world's tallest cliff. He hadn't noticed his class leaving, so he was grateful for the small stack of photographs and analyses on his table, and the closed door that the students normally left open. Embarrassment didn't flood him the way it used to; overload pertaining to cases was all too common, especially during cases. He hadn't gotten overwhelmed such as this in months though, and never without the internal presence of a serial killer. His fingers combed through his hair a few times, letting his face scrunch up on one side.

The rest of the work day was spent without incident, and Will was able to complete his grading for the past week's assignments. Glancing over at the clock, which had reached 5:00 on the dot, Will sighed and drummed his fingers on the side of his stapler. There was far too much time between now and his appointment with Doctor Lecter. Not that they had anything pressing to discuss, of course, but Will liked to be around the guy. Not that he'd ever admit that to anyone, much less himself, but Doctor Lecter didn't drain him. He didn't invade his head and fill it with thoughts that weren't his. He didn't even bristle at Will's thorniness. He was different, a little odd, but Will just brushed that off as him being a very European man. And Will quite liked him that way.

With another flourish of finger tapping, Will opened up an old collection of slideshow notes to update for tomorrow's round of classes. He had another hour to kill before heading off to Baltimore, so he figured he'd add in some bonus material. These were going to be some of the nation's top agents, might as well make sure they were competent, right?

Will hid out in his classroom for almost the full hour before speed-walking to his car in the parking lot, keeping a watchful eye out for anyone who may seek to delay him. He spied

Alana from across the lot, but she just threw a hand up in a wave and offered a gentle “Hey!” She jumped into her own car right after, thankfully. After his own return wave, Will hopped in the driver’s seat, wasting no time in starting up the engine.

Will sat in Doctor Lecter’s waiting room, expelling all the word vomit he could muster into a small, beat-up black notepad. If he didn’t spill all of his inelegant thoughts into one space before entering conversation with his (not) psychiatrist, how else could he carry on with metaphor and veiled language like a vampire high off their ass? Sure, it was a bit of a waste of a full page and some ink from his good pen, but it was worth it to ensure his thoughts didn’t wander extensively over the next hour, as well as kept his hands busy.

Will was early by about twenty minutes - traffic was light, work was swift - so one page of nonsense and worry-about-later lists quickly turned to three, and then five. He was about to move on to a cat name tier-list, but Doctor Lecter swung open the door right in the nick of time.

“Will, please come in.” Doctor Lecter greeted, standing back from the open door to allow Will to enter. He always stood a little too close to be considered entirely professional, in Will’s opinion, but there were never any complaints made.

Will sat in the chair opposite to Doctor Lecter (a spot which he knows is shared among patients, but he declares it “his spot” in his own mind) and tucked the little black book into his back pocket. Doctor Lecter strides over to his desk, the fire behind casting a warm glow over his cheekbones, and opens a cabinet next to the chair. He pulls out a rather fancy-looking bottle of red wine, and two wine glasses from the small table by the wall.

“Am I correct in assuming that this week has passed quietly?” Doctor Lecter asks, pouring out a respectable amount of wine into each glass. Upon Will’s nod, he offers a glass to Will, continuing, “Then I suppose I was correct in bringing this along after all. No one running about in your head; a cause for celebration, yes?”

Will takes a small sip of the wine, *‘Damn that’s good,’* and considers how to respond to that truthfully. For society, yes. For Will’s psyche, probably also yes, but dammit he was about to explode. It won’t work out in his favor to attempt lying to Doctor Lecter, he could read anyone almost as well as Will could, so instead he opted to change the subject.

“Do you bring out the good stuff for all your patients, Doctor, or am I special?” Will drawls out, humor playing in his eyes. Eye contact with Doctor Lecter wasn’t intrusive, so he allowed their gaze to hold for a few seconds.

Doctor Lecter yielded a small smile, almost undetectable, and sipped his wine before replying, “You’ve never been my patient, but I can guarantee that you are quite special.” He took a moment to allow Will a small, teasing glare. He absolutely noticed the change of subject, but Will blessed him for not mentioning it.

After a few moments of silence and fleeting looks to one another (well, Will’s were fleeting, Doctor Lecter never shied away from outright observations), Will stood and began wondering

about aimlessly. He dragged his fingers over the spines of books on the shelves, noting the impressive lack of dust on each one. As always, he gravitated towards the black stag statue at one wall, poking at the metal antlers.

“Your silence is particularly deafening this evening, Will. While the main function of these conversations is to monitor your navigation through the minds of killers, I’m more than happy to lend an ear should you need it.” Doctor Lecter said, looking pointedly into the back of Will’s neck, his wrist and wine glass resting on his crossed leg. When Will turned, his eyes were fixed steadily on his own.

Will moved back towards his chair, fingers drumming on the wine glass and on the outside of his thigh. “I appreciate the offer, Doctor Lecter, but that won’t be necessary - I’m just having a bit of a delay adjusting to all of this-” he moved his hand about his head in a vague, circular motion, “-this calm.” He sat back down, taking a considerably-sized drink from his wine. Memories from the afternoon came back, leaving a bitter taste on his tongue.

“Will, if you need someone, it’s no trouble. I consider you my friend, so it would be my genuine pleasure to hear of your problems, not just those of death and bloodshed.” Doctor Lecter leaned forward in his chair, placing one of his hands over Will’s. *‘When the hell did these chairs get so close,’* thought Will, warmth coursing through his veins from where Doctor Lecter held him. He retracted his hand from the older man’s, rubbing the back of his neck a few times, then nodding, slowly and shyly.

“Okay, Doc, I appreciate that. Friends, then.” Will grumbled, a small smile escaping him.

The corners of Doctor Lecter’s mouth quirked up, just a tad, before adding, “And my friends call me Hannibal.” He then leaned back into his chair, placing his near-empty wine glass on the table next to him. If he noticed the blazing blush on Will’s cheeks, bless him again, because he said not a single thing about it.

“Does your top issue involve that poor little notebook you were practically abusing in my waiting room?” Doct- *Hannibal* teased, changing the subject to a slightly more comfortable one. And dammit if he wasn’t going for a triple blessing on this day, right? Will wasn’t really in the mood for discussing his overload, so writing seemed a safer topic.

Will shifted his legs in his chair a few times, more aware of his pocket notebook than before, and set his drained wine glass on the table next to him. “Not particularly, just jotting down the things that came to mind before they got crowded up there - writing helps a lot; journal entries, essays, anything really.”

“I wasn’t aware you enjoyed writing beyond your studies in criminal psychology, I must admit that my curiosity has been piqued.” Hannibal said, leaning forward yet again in his chair. Will squirmed a bit in his chair, his foot starting another round of *taptaptap*-ing.

“I-I’m not all that keen on sharing my writing. It’s just a little - a tad too much. I don’t know how to explain it - it’s usually just for me. To keep sane, y’know?” Will stammered out, mortified at the very concept of sharing his writing with anyone, even the friend in front of him. “It’s just something I do to sort of... *expel* all the excess junk in my head after letting someone rummage around in there.”

Hannibal looked away for a moment, setting his jaw. “I’m the same with my drawings; not the ones you see in this office, but in my private journals. Things I’m not ready to share with the world yet, but I quite enjoyed creating them.” Another moment of silence passes before Hannibal stands, extending a hand to Will. “Assuming we have no strict business to discuss, would you like to continue this conversation over dinner? I have the makings for risotto if you’re interested.”

Will takes Hannibal’s hand and stands, grabbing his empty wine glass. “I can join you, my dogs will be fine for a few more hours. Risotto sounds fantastic.” Hannibal takes the wine glass from him, and Will moves to stand by the door while he deals with their glasses.

“One of these days, I may show you some of my drawings,” Hannibal announces, turning towards the door. He walks over, just a bit too slowly, and grabs his coat from the rack. “Of course, only if I get to read some of your work.” He finishes, sending a smirk and a raised eyebrow in Will’s direction.

Who knows what the hell came over Will in that moment, standing between Hannibal and the door, because he finds himself responding, “I just may take you up on that.”

Chapter End Notes

Is this going to turn into complete trash because I want to write simp-y Hannibal constantly? Yes, yes it will.

Anywho, just a reiteration that the descriptions of Will's stims and sensory reactions come from my own experiences because fuck the people who wrote off his neurodivergencies.

hairy bedbugs

Chapter Notes

I'm pleased to announce that I think I've finally figured out how to add italics, can I get a "wahoo" please? I had to relearn HTML for this shit, oh my Fuck. Anywho, please enjoy this *short* chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's a lonely world out there, isn't it? No one ever experiences quite the same reality; we are all unique. In this singular uniqueness, however, there is utter solitude. How can we ever expect to be fully understood?

Will set his pen down, all too familiar with the dull ache settling in his chest. His day had almost ended on a high note, too. He gently closed his journal, and rose from his chair. Ellie and Winston raised their heads from where they were resting near the fireplace, but hunkered back down again. With a few scratches to their heads, Will set off to prepare for bed.

Dinner with Hannibal had been quite fantastic, as it always was. He'd been quite interested in Will's writing, his inspirations and the like, but Will managed to skirt away to safer topics. It probably wasn't a fantastic idea to tell the guy who assesses his mental wellbeing that thinking like a murderer gets his gears turning, right? Luckily, hints weren't lost on Hannibal, and conversation moved on to tales of his youth, adventures in Italy and France.

Will padded over to his bed, climbing in and leaning over to switch off his lamp. Buster immediately hopped up, taking his spot by Will's hip. Will ran his fingers through his fur, letting his mind trail back once again to earlier in the evening. His shoulder tingled, a phantom hand draping over the joint.

"I can practically hear you thinking, Will. Are you sure everything is okay?" Hannibal said, eyeing Will's clenching and unclenching fists. They'd moved into Hannibal's home office after dinner, setting a fire to blaze while they talked. Will had been staring into the flames for just a tad too-long, he assumed.

Will glanced over at the man standing next to him, flickers of gold and orange flooding his features, warming his eyes far beyond the typical red-stained brown. Hannibal's eyes tended to hold a cold, professional tone to them, but they never looked at Will that way. The gaze meant for him was always full of care, of understanding, limited though it may be. 'Where ice and fire meet becomes honey,' Will thought, determined to not notice the contentment that flooded his entire being.

Hannibal looked at him as though he saw through every fort Will had meticulously constructed in his mind, purely witnessing him for who he was. He almost seemed to see him,

to understand him. Sometimes, Will thought that hiding from him was pointless - why deny what was already viewed? But, that would involve acknowledging the understanding, and Will would not, could not consciously do that. It's far too intimate for any semblance of comfort.

It was with the imagined taste of honey on his lips that Will drifted into a dreamless sleep.

Buster was currently trying to end Will's life. Now, his main goal was probably somewhere along the lines of getting maximum attention, but Will didn't know what else the ornery little ball of fur was expecting when lying directly across Will's entire face at god-knows-what o'clock in the morning. Of course, he could also be trying to shift Will's attention away from the call of slumber and towards the incessantly ringing phone on his bedside table. The ringing cut out as Will reached for his glasses.

Four missed calls from Jack, two voicemails, and a text with an address were awaiting Will, who jumped out of bed with completely inappropriate excitement. He clicked on the "call" icon, chest buzzing with anticipation. Jack answered almost immediately.

"We've got one for you."

Will practically ran out the door with his shoes untied.

Chapter End Notes

Hello again y'all. Sorry it took forever to update, but I do have a few developments regarding this fic. As I'm relatively new to writing in this format, I think jumping straight into multi-chapter work was a little ambitious, so I'm gonna retreat back into my single-chapter works for a little bit, just to get used to writing more in a story-sense. Unfortunately, that means this work is officially on ~hiatus~. However, it will not be abandoned! I have plans in the works, I swear!

End Notes

Hello there! Y'all can call me Roz (she/they), and welcome to my first fic! I've been procrastinating on writing for a few years now, so I've finally said "fuck it," and made this one. Here's a few little notes on this piece:

- 1) I'm taking some (massive) liberties with Will as a character, because I'm a begrudging Will kinnie and this is what my life has come to. I know, I hate myself too.
 - 2) As a neurodivergent individual, I'm going to be incorporating some of those characteristics into Will, because the show completely erased his identity in that regard and it makes me fucking flamed.
 - 3) I will also be using my own experiences with stimming and social/sensory interaction as a basis for how I write Will's experiences not pertaining to his empathy disorder, as the available characteristics beyond that aren't all that concrete.
- Anywho, please let me know if y'all want more of this fic, I will be updating as much as possible. Criticism is appreciated, but if you're mean I might cry.
- Toodle-oo!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!